

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleave to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouerned our determind iest,
Ycede to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell hounds and theyr Dame.

Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou doost, and sweet Reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,

Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.

Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,

Publius. What is your will.

Titus. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take thē, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Of haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.

Chiron. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse sonnes.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

of Titus

Enter Titus Andronicus
with a Bason.

Titus. Come, come, *Lavinia*
Sirs stop theyr mouthes, let them
But let them heare what feare
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Here stands the spring whom
This goodly Sommer with you
You kild her husband, and for
Two of her brothers were con
My hand cut off, and made a r
Both her sweet hands, her tong
Than hands or tongue, her spe
Inhumaine traytors you const
What would you say if I shoul
Villaines for shame you coul
Harke wretches how I meane
This one hand yet is left to cut
Whilst that *Lavinia* tweene her
The Bason that receaues your
You know your Mother meane
And calls herselfe Reuenge, an
Harke villaines, I will grinde y
And with your blood and it, I
And of the paste a coffen I wi
And make two pasties of your
And bid that strumpet your vi
Like to the earth swallow her
This is the feast that I haue bid
And this the banquet she shall
For worse than *Philomel* you v
And worse than *Progne* I will